

**KILLER OF DEMONS**

ISSUE ONE (OF THREE)

'THE LIFE INFERNAL'

32 pages, Black and White

WRITTEN BY CHRISTOPHER YOST

7/4/05

KILLER OF DEMONS © 2005 CHRISTOPHER YOST

**PAGE ONE**

P1/ CLOSE ON DAVE SLOAN. 24 years old, short hair cut, white collared shirt and tie. He looks nervous, and sweat is beading on his forehead. We can't tell where he is.

DAVE; Don't look... don't look... don't look...

P2/ WIDER to include FLOP, 23, white shirt and tie as well. Red hair, and looks excited. He's smoking, but looks innocent doing it. They're in a grey CUBICLE, in an office building. Corporate America.

DAVE; Don't look... don't look... don't--

FLOP; Aw, sweet. Look, Dave... here comes Kent!

DAVE; Flop, don't!

FLOP; MR. ATCHISON!!!

P3/ LOW ANGLE, looking up at KENT (49), BLACK BUTTENDOWN, JACKET and TIE, with glasses. He hangs over the edge of the cubicle, looking down at the two boys off panel. He has a smirk on at all times, and is smoking a CIGAR.

KENT; Well hello, boys...

KENT; Who's up for some lunch at the club?  
What do you say?

P4/ CLOSE ON DAVE, with Flop behind him. Dave's eyes are closed. He's lost. Flop looks even more excited. We see he's got a second cigarette in his hand on top of the one in his mouth. He looks like a teenager.

FLOP; Absolutely, Mr. Atchison!!

KENT; Ha HAA! Of course you're up for it!

**PAGE TWO**

P1/ The CLUB. A STRIP CLUB. Dave is wedged in between Flop and Kent, each of whom have a STRIPPER sitting on their lap. Everyone is smoking, and Dave has a BLT that he's trying to eat, a napkin under it. He looks scared, and has a leather satchel/briefcase in his lap, the strap hung over his shoulder, across his chest. Like Indiana Jones' bag.

KENT; ...and I say, 'Don't feel bad... I saw your husband at a strip bar!'

FLOP/STRIPPERS; HAHAHAHAH!!

P2/ CLOSE ON DAVE, looking at his watch. Kent is in PANEL beside him, looking up at what can only be a naked chick.

DAVE; I should really be getting back...

KENT; Nonsense, Dave! You're out for a business lunch with an executive vice president!

KENT; You're bulletproof!

P3/ ANGLE ON A STRIPPER. Goth looking, with heavy mascara. She looks like she's fifteen, and in fact is. This is CHASTITY, and she's looking down at Dave while bending over and looking through her legs on the 'runway.'

DAVE; It's just that I've got this presentation... Eric's going to be upset...

KENT; What you need is another drink!

KENT; DRINKS FOR EVERYONE!!!

P4/ ON DAVE, getting up. Awkwardly trying to get past naked strippers (still carrying the briefcase/satchel)

DAVE; I'll get them.

DAVE;                                Pardon me... excuse me... pardon me...

P5/    CLOSE ON FLOP, profile.    We can see Dave walking off in the b.g.    A stripper is lighting her cigarette from his, like a fucked up version of the kissing scene in 'Lady and the Tramp.'

FLOP;                                Gah.

**PAGE THREE**

P1/ THE BAR. ECU on a shot glass, whisky being poured into it. It's surrounded by seven EMPTY SHOT GLASSES, and a chubby white hand reaches for it.

GUY; I just can't believe she'd cheat on me...  
I mean, sure I've been unfaithful, but  
it's different.

P2/ The chubby hand belongs to a SAD GUY, mid 40's, loosened tie and drink at his lips. Looks pretty damn sad.

GUY; Men cheat. Oprah says so. But women  
are the rock, you know? If I can't  
count on her, what am I supposed to do?

BARMAID (OFF); You sure she's cheating?

GUY; ...

GUY; No. No, you're right. Maybe this is  
all in my head.

P3/ REVERSE – the BARMAID. The sexiest damn stripper /barmaid this side of Coyote Ugly, in some kind of bizarre lingerie stripper outfit. She's holding the bottle of Whisky. Sexily.

BARMAID; Well, she probably IS cheating on you.

BARMAID; What you need to do is KILL her. That  
way, even if she wasn't... she never  
will.

P4/ CLOSE ON THE BARMAID. She smiles an innocent smile.

BARMAID; Use a meat cleaver.

GUY;                    Thanks! I think I've got a meat  
                             cleaver at home!

**PAGE FOUR**

P1/ PROFILE of Dave and the Barmaid, both watching as in the background we see the GUY heading off, presumably to kill his wife.

NO DIALOGUE

P2/ ON THE BARMAID, putting back the bottle of whisky. Her back is to Dave.

BARMAID;                      So what's your story, guy?

P3/ ON DAVE, on odd expression on his face. As if someone were trying to tell him to say something he didn't want to say.

DAVE;                          I... uh...

DAVE (small);                No! I won't!

P4/ SAME

DAVE;                          I... I make...

DAVE;                          <sigh>

DAVE;                          I shoot snuff films with young teenage girls.

P5/ ON THE BARMAID, her back still slightly to CAMERA/Dave. She turns her head to look at CAMERA, a devilish smile on her face and a twinkle in her eye.

BARMAID;                      You don't say...

**PAGE FIVE**

P1/ The door to the back room of the Strip Club <SLAMS> open, and the Barmaid and Dave fall in, locked in an embrace. She's shoving her tongue down his throat, and he looks scared.

BARMAID;                      Oh, baby...

P2/ CLOSE ON DAVE, half his face obscured by the back of the Barmaid's head. He's looking DOWN...

BARMAID;                      Tell me how they scream...

DAVE;                          Er... they scream... real good.

BARMAID;                      Ooooooo...

P3/ CLOSE ON DAVE'S HAND. It's reaching into his SATCHEL, grabbing the HANDLE to something we can't see (A DAGGER).

BARMAID (OFF);              You really know how to get a girl hot...

BARMAID (OFF);              Now let me show you--

P4/ BIG! As DAVE slams a HUGE DAGGER into the Barmaid, running her through. The dagger is like a foot long, and we can see the hilt at her stomach and the tip out her back. It's got teeth, and looks medieval. Like a CONAN the Barbarian dagger.

The Barmaid looks shocked.

BARMAID;                      URK!



**PAGE SIX**

P1/ CLOSE ON DAVE's hands in the dirty strip club bathroom. They're bloody, and he's washing them off.

URIEL (OFF);            That was pretty good.

DAVE;                    Shut up.

P2/ CLOSE ON DAVE's reflection in the mirror. He's got some blood splatter on his face.

URIEL (OFF);            But that's what you should be doing every time. Every damn time!

DAVE;                    Shut up.

P3/ BIG - REVERSE – ON DAVE, the bathroom behind him. And flying in the air beside him is URIEL, a CHERUB ANGEL. Literally a baby with wings and angelic hair, a little chubby. It looks pissed and is smoking a cigarette.

URIEL;                    I mean, what the hell? Eh?

URIEL;                    You gotta kill 'em ALL.

**PAGE SEVEN**

P1/ BLACK

WHITE TITLE ON BLACK: FOUR MONTHS EARLIER

P2/ RACHEL O'CONNOR sleeps in bed on her side, facing us. She's in the bedroom of an apartment that she shares with DAVE, decorated right out of an IKEA catalog.

# NO DIALOGUE

P3/ SAME. DAVE sits bolt upright in bed beside her in the b.g., screaming, both his hands on his head. Rachel doesn't move, but her eyes snap open.

**DAVE;                      AAAAAAAAAHHHHH!**

P4/ From behind Rachel, now sitting up, we see Dave stumbling to the bathroom in the b.g.

RACHEL; Dave?

DAVE;                      AAAAAAAHHHHH!

P5/ The Bathroom, much nicer than the one in the strip club. From behind Dave at the sink, facing the mirror (we can't see his reflection yet), his head clutched in his hands, just as he looks up...

DAVE; Ahhhhhh... jesus...

**PAGE EIGHT**

P1/ FROM BEHIND DAVE, we see the back of his head (normal) and past that, in the b.g., his REFLECTION. His head head been replaced with an WHITE FLAME - no eyes, mouth or anything.

DAVE;                      Ow.

P2/ DAVE's POV – RACHEL comes in the bathroom, asking him what's wrong, looking concerned.

RACHEL;                      Headache?

RACHEL;            If it's the potpourri, I can get rid of  
                         it.

P3/ ON DAVE, turning from Rachel in the b.g. He looks in shock to see...

URIEL (OFF);            DAVID SLOAN! YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN!

P4/ ON URIEL, floating in the bathroom.

URIEL;                    I am the Angel URIEL, and you have been  
                              given the VISION! You are to be the  
                              God's hand in the never-ending battle  
                              between--

URIEL; <SNFF!>

URIEL;                   Is that potpourri? Nice.

**PAGE NINE**

P1/ BLACK

WHITE TITLE ON BLACK: NOW.

P2/ CLOSE ON THE BATHROOM DOOR of the strip bar. It's got a symbol of two stick figure people having sex, with a circle and hatch around it. Like the 'Ghostbusters' symbol.

NO DIALOGUE

P3/ SAME – the door opens, and Dave exits, with URIEL right behind him.

URIEL;                   ...and COME ON! You gotta use HOT water!  
Soap and hot water! And you still got  
some on your shirt, genius!

DAVE;                   Uriel, shut up! I have to get back to  
work.

URIEL;                   Yeah, if by 'work' you mean 'killing.'

P4/ WIDE – OTS Dave, approaching Kent and Flop, now standing and ready to go. Kent's smiling.

KENT;                   Dave, you killer! I saw you with that  
bartender. You! Mister Quiet, scoring  
with the staff.

FLOP;                   Dude, you've totally got ketchup on  
your shirt. Or did she scratch you?!

DAVE;                   It wasn't... it wasn't like--

DAVE;                   Ketchup? Where?

P5/ CLOSE ON DAVE, looking at his sleeve. It's got blood on it.

KENT (OFF);                Easy, killer. Have a smoke.

KENT (OFF);                Was she hot? She looked hot.

DAVE;                        Yeah... she was hot, I guess.

**PAGE TEN**

SPLASH. BIRD'S EYE VIEW of the body of the barmaid, lying sprawled out on the floor of the back room, you can imagine the chalk outline of the crime scene. Except it isn't the barmaid exactly.

It's a DEMONIC SUCCUBUS, with long horns, a tail and demonic wings, and a face that would scare the white off rice, but still sexy somehow. It's lying in a pool of BURNING BLOOD.

NO DIALOGUE

**PAGE ELEVEN AND TWELVE**

P1/ SMALL INSERT. An ELEVATOR, inside the ADVERTISING AGENCY. From behind Dave and Flop, we see their reflections looking back at them in the shiny door.

FLOP;                      What do you think Kent meant when he said he was going to go trolling at the high schools later?

DAVE;                      I told you, Flop... he's a bad person. He's... he's a demon.

DAVE;                      From Hell.

P2/ SMALL INSERT. ON DAVE, through the opening doors of the Elevator from the outside. We can see Flop behind him.

SFX;                      <DING!>

FLOP;                      You are such a drama queen. I mean, seriously...

P3/ HUGE, DOUBLE PAGE SPREAD...

THE OFFICE. Dave and Flop make their way into the Labyrinth of Cubicles. There are people everywhere, and mixed in with the ordinary HUMANS are DEMONS FROM HELL. All different shapes and sizes, and lots of them, wearing suits, holding papers, faxing things.

Everyone is smoking.

FLOP;                      ...you say that about everyone.

**PAGE THIRTEEN**

ALL FOUR PANELS 'WIDESCREEN', ONE AFTER THE OTHER.

P1/ WIDE on a board room, where a DEMON is at the head of a massive table, an overhead projector showing a graph of sales going up, up, up!! The table is lined on either side by demons and human employees. Everyone is smoking.

DEMON; All I'm saying, is yes, nicotine works. It's been great for us. But we need some outside the box thinking.

DEMON; Like what if... and I'm just throwing it out here... what if, instead of nicotine, the client put crack in the cigarettes?

P2/ In a hallway, we get a look into an office. A DEMON sits at a desk, leaned back, his feet up top.

DEMON; Yes, I know it's a bad market right now. But cutting advertising is never the solution.

DEMON; What IS the solution? Hookers.

P3/ The LUNCH ROOM. A CUTE GIRL INTERN, maybe 19, sits at the lunch room table, chewing GUM. A DEMON EXECUTIVE sits beside her, pushing more gum to her.

CUTE INTERN; Thank you for making an exception for me.

DEMON EXECUTIVE; Hey, don't worry. You're just an intern, and while we encourage employees to smoke, we respect your decision.

DEMON EXECUTIVE; But here, have some more of this delicious nicotine gum. Give some to your friends.

CUTE INTERN; Thanks!





KENT;                   It'll be great! Who's in?!?

**PAGE FOURTEEN**

P1/ DAVE and FLOP's CUBE. CLOSE on a lateral file cabinet as Dave opens the bottom drawer. It's filled with like 50 brand new, white business shirts still in their packages.

FLOP;                    You are such a slob, Dave. You seriously can't go a day without jacking up your shirt.

P2/ CLOSE ON FLOP. He's smoking two cigarettes as he sits at his desk playing SOLITAIRE.

FLOP;                    You need to start eating dry food or something. Or white food. Start eating those powdered gas station donuts.

FLOP;                    No one will be able to tell when you slobber all over yourself.

DAVE (OFF);            You don't have to smoke two cigarettes, you know. Or one for that matter.

FLOP;                    I give 200%. That's what's going to get me noticed.

P3/ WIDE on the super tight cube from outside it as Dave plops down in his chair, a constantly defeated look on his face. Their sitting four inches apart from each other, and the cube walls obscure their desks.

DAVE;                    I guess.

P4/ OTS Dave as he turns to his workstation. Sitting beside his computer on the desk is URIEL, smoking a cigarette. Naked, sitting crosslegged.

URIEL;                    What? They're giving them away.

ERIC (OFF);            SLOAN! HOPPISH!

**PAGE FIFTEEN**

P1/ OTS Flop and Dave as they each turn to look up at Eric, a HUMAN. Their boss.

ERIC;               What the \$@#\*?!

ERIC;               You're not \$@#\*ing paid to take three hour  
\$@#\*ing LUNCHES with the \$@#\*ing creative  
department!

P2/ REVERSE of Dave and Flop looking up at him, each with blank expressions on their faces. Two cigarettes dangle from Flop's mouth.

ERIC (OFF);       We've got a client presentation in one  
\$@#\*ing hour!!

ERIC (OFF);       ARE YOU \$#@%ING READY?!?

P3/ SAME. Same expressions, everything.

DAVE;               Almost.

FLOP;               Pretty much.

P4/ CLOSER ON ERIC, his rage conflicted and confused.

ERIC;               Oh. Well... \$@#\*ing good.

ERIC;               And Hoppish... Good \$@#\*ing initiative with  
those smokes.

**PAGE SIXTEEN**

P1/ AN IMAGE of a child eating MAYONNAISE straight from a jar with a spoon, looking really happy. It's an ILLUSTRATION, being projected on a screen.

ERIC (OFF);                So here's the graphic that your company's label has been using for years...

P2/ The exact same image, but now in the background are some SMOKESTACKS, and the child's mother playing the clarinet. The child now has a box of CRAYONS in his shirt pocket, which look like a pack of cigarettes.

ERIC (OFF);                ...and here's the proposed revision.

P3/ WIDE ON THE BOARD ROOM. Eric stands in front of the second image, now projected on his body. Dave and Flop are sitting at the table on the side controlling the images via a laptop and projector on the table.

ERIC;                        So what do you think?

P4/ THE CLIENT sits at the far end of the table, an old white male HUMAN in a severe suit and tie, looking really stern. A DEMON leans in beside him, whispering into his ear.

NO DIALOGUE

P5/ THE SAME, but the demon has finished whispering..

CLIENT;                    I love it.

P6/ CLOSE ON DAVE. In the background, Flop and Eric are all smiles. Dave is tortured.

CLIENT (OFF);            Can we have it with boys AND girls?

**PAGE SEVENTEEN**

P1/ ON AN ELVEN MAID, holding a staff. She's in the ruins of a castle, and a SHINING PALADIN has approached her on his horse. NOTE: THE ANGLE/VIEW HERE SHOULD BE EXACTLY THE  $\frac{3}{4}$  VIEW OF ALL THOSE ONLINE GAMES LIKE EVERQUEST.

PALADIN;                      Well hello, fair maiden.

ELVEN MAID;                Please, noble warrior... will you chat with me?

PALADIN;                      Verily! How old are you?

P2/ CLOSE ON THE ELVEN MAID.

ELVEN MAID;                I'm thirteen. I can't stay on too long because my stupid brother wants to play Doom.

PALADIN;                      Oh, I know how that is. That's the worst.

PALADIN;                      So... you ever just like to hang out?

PALADIN;                      You know... in real life?

P3/ ON THE PALADIN, still atop his horse. Stiff, like a crappy video game.

ELVEN MAID;                Sure, I hang out with my friends at the mall all the time.

PALADIN;                      I love malls! You seem really cool. And mature.

PALADIN;                      WE should hang out some time.

P4/ WIDE ON THE SCENE. A DRAGON is approaching them.

ELVEN MAID;                   At the mall? I guess that'd be cool.  
Do you really think I'm mature?

PALADIN;                   Of course. And we could hang out at  
the                           mall... or at my place. I could get you  
a plane ticket...

PALADIN;                   Have you ever been on a plane?

BOB (OFF);                This guy is so boned.

**PAGE EIGHTEEN**

P1/ CLOSE ON MIKE, who's leaning in close to his computer screen. On the screen is the scene with the Elf and Paladin as show on the last page. It's on Online game. Mike is in a T-shirt and baseball cap, with the letters FBI on the cap.

There's glee in his eyes.

MIKE; I mean seriously, what an idiot. I've been tracking the guy for weeks, and he just comes up to me.

MIKE; 'No, I've never been on a plane before! That sounds cool!'

MIKE; HA! Idiot!

P2/ WIDE – PULL BACK. We see DAVE sitting in a LA-Z-BOY, still in his white shirt and tie, still with his satchel strapped around him. MIKE is on the side of the frame sitting at his computer, not even looking at Dave.

Dave is looking up OFF PANEL to the MAIN WALL.

DAVE; Doesn't it... you know, trouble you?

DAVE; To deal with sickos every day? Don't you just want to get out?

MIKE; FBI Internet Crimes, Dave. It's a calling. You're a civilian... you wouldn't understand.

DAVE; I guess not.



P3/ WIDER – WE SEE THE FULL ROOM. Every inch of the main wall is covered with MEDIEVAL WEAPONRY. Morning stars, axes, daggers, swords, crossbows, maces, halberds, you name it. It's pretty impressive, and Dave is looking up at it all. Mike's still intent on the screen.

MIKE;                               The internet is the new frontier for every kind of sicko there is. Pornographers, sure. But the scum I deal with? Monsters, I mean real demons who lure children to horrible deaths...

MIKE;                               Plus, my elf maiden is like, 36<sup>th</sup> level now. You should see all my magic items. Oh, hey, did you know I just bought a house?

DAVE;                               What? In the game?

MIKE;                               Yeah! Isn't that awesome?

P4/ CLOSE ON DAVE. He's looking up at the wall.

DAVE;                               Yeah, that's great Mike. Can I borrow your double sided axe?

P5/ CLOSE ON THE WALL, on a gnarly looking DOUBLE SIDED AXE. It's staff/handle must be 5 foot long.

MIKE (OFF);                       Yeah, sure, whatever.

MIKE (OFF);                       You should come with me to the Renaissance Festival if you're really into it, though.

MIKE (OFF);                       I'm getting a suit of armor, did I tell you?

**PAGE NINETEEN**

P1/ OUTSIDE AN APARTMENT BUILDING. It's night now, and Dave walks to his beat up old '72 PINTO with the double sided AXE slung to his back. Uriel follows him.

URIEL;                      Your brother's kind of strange.

DAVE;                      Shut up.

URIEL;                      Hey, no, don't get me wrong... he does good work. He just seems to be... really INTO it.

P2/ ON DAVE, inside the car, driving off as Uriel blabs on. The handle of the AXE is coming out of the hatchback up into the front of the car it's so long.

URIEL;                      I'm just saying... he really loves being that elf maiden. Like a LOT, it seems.

DAVE;                      He's an FBI agent. It's his job.

URIEL;                      Of course it is.

DAVE;                      Shut up.

P3/ ON URIEL.

URIEL;                      So I see you borrowed an axe.

URIEL;                      Is it too much to hope you're finally coming around? Ready to do God's work full time?

URIEL;                      You need to kill Kent. He's a real \$@%\*er.

P4/ ON DAVE, driving.

DAVE; I told you, I can't. I can't just kill everyone I work with. I mean, it'd look kind of suspicious.

URIEL; SO?! IT'S GOD'S WORK!!

DAVE; Oh, what, when I go to jail for being a mass murderer, I'll just tell them that I was doing God's work?

URIEL; Jail? Murder? You are a Killer of Demons!!! What do you care about these things?

P5/ ON THE PINTO, driving down the road. IN the distance is a WHITE CASTLE.

URIEL; Jesus, you're a \$@%&%.

**PAGE TWENTY**

P1/ The White Castle Drive Through. Dave's Pinto has pulled up to the Menu/Speakerbox. We can see Dave and Uriel in the car. We're looking at the menu/speaker through the car.

DAVE;                      Look, it's easy for you to say. You don't have to kill them.

DAVE;                      I mean... I just don't understand why this is happening to me. Why am I the only one who can see them?

SPEAKER;                Welcome to White Castle, can I take your order?

URIEL;                    Do not doubt God's gift. Seriously. Don't do it.

P2/ ON DAVE, with Uriel in the b.g. in the car. Dave's talking to the speaker.

DAVE;                    Can I have a double cheeseburger and a Coke?

SPEAKER;                You want the combo?

DAVE;                    No.

URIEL;                    You should get the combo. It's cheaper.

P3/ CLOSE ON THE SPEAKER, a round one with the dots/grate.

DAVE (OFF);            Shut up!

SPEAKER;                What?

DAVE (OFF);            Not you!

SPEAKER;                Uh, yeah... pull to the window for your total.



P4/ WIDE ON THE PINTO as Dave drives around the corner of the building.

URIEL (OFF);            They should be able to give you the total when you order, so you know if they mess up.

DAVE;                    I think I may have gone insane.

URIEL (OFF);            Uh, oh. Look at that.

P5/ ON THE DRIVE THROUGH WINDOW. A DEMON hangs out of it, holding a bag of White Castles and a Coke. He's wearing a white paper HAT.

DEMON;                  It's \$2.39. I gave you the combo because it's cheaper.

DEMON;                  Just throw the fries away if you don't want them.

P6/ CLOSE ON DAVE, looking up at the window. His mouth is agape. In the b.g., Uriel whispers to him.

URIEL;                  Time to go to work.

**PAGE TWENTY ONE**

P1/ The door slams open, and we see DAVE, a bolt of lightning dramatically striking in the sky behind him. He's got the axe strapped to his back, and the DAGGER in his hand. Still wearing his satchel across his chest, still in shirt and tie. And Khakis.

NO DIALOGUE

P2/ REVERSE – The White Castle Staff. The drive through DEMON and two COOK DEMONS. The cook demons are smoking, spatulas in hand as they stand at the steam griller. All three look at Dave as if he were a crazy person.

NO DIALOGUE

P3/ DAVE CHARGES, MOUTH OPEN IN A LIEFELD-ESQUE SCREAM, PULLING THE AXE FROM HIS BACK WITH ONE HAND!

NO DIALOGUE

**PAGE TWENTY TWO**

P1/ The DEMONS charge at Dave!

NO DIALOGUE

P2/ Dave CLEAVES the first demon in two with his axe!

NO DIALOGUE

P3/ He stabs the second demon in the heart with his dagger.

NO DIALOGUE



**PAGE TWENTY THREE**

P1/ The remaining demon slashes out at Dave, ripping his shirt and dragging his claws across Dave's chest. Dave screams!

NO DIALOGUE

P2/ Dave BEHEADS the last demon, using both the axe and dagger!!

NO DIALOGUE

P3/ HIGH ANGLE - Dramatic shot of Dave, standing amidst the dead bodies on bloody tile floor, a weapon in each hand. He's wounded, bloody. He looks like a warrior.

NO DIALOGUE

**PAGE TWENTY FOUR**

P1/ Looking at Dave and Uriel as Dave drives, still a bloody mess. The axe is back in the car, the handle still sticking out front.

We can barely see Uriel in the passenger seat, just his head poking up over a dozen boxes of White Castle hamburgers.

URIEL;                      That was pretty--

DAVE;                      Shut up!

P2/ SAME, as Uriel looks at Dave.

NO DIALOGUE

P3/ SAME.

NO DIALOGUE

P4/ OUTISDE, looking at the Pinto as it drives off.

URIEL (OFF);              Can I have some of your drink?

**PAGE TWENTY FIVE**

P1/ A TV SET. On the screen, we see the manufactured news logo, 'SIEGE ON WHITE CASTLE.'

ANCHOR (VO);           The murders continue tonight, after a massacre at a local bistro.

ANCHOR (VO);           But this time... the killer was caught on tape! Channel seven news has obtained a copy of the tape! But be warned...

ANCHOR (VO);           ...the following images are graphic and disturbing.

P2/ A TV SET. On the screen, we now see images from the fight, but they're all blurred out.

ANCHOR (VO);           Horrifying. We have Kate Labinsky, on the scene with an eye witness.

P3/ A TV SET. On the screen, we see a REPORTER standing next to a WHITE CASTLE EMPLOYEE (RAMIREZ, latino, 28) outside the restaurant, which is now surrounded by cops.

On the screen is the text, WITNESS TO THE EXECUTION

KATE;                   Mr. Ramirez, please tell us what you saw.

RAMIREZ;               Yeah, I was in the break room when this dude comes in. He couldn't see me because it's this special glass. Anyway, he killed Tony, Rick and Kevin. It was crazy, he had an axe. And some kind of Rambo knife.

KATE;                   Can you give us a description of the assailant?

RAMIREZ;               Sure. It was a white guy. I guess he didn't want the combo or something.



P4/ A TV SET. On the screen, we see a artist's rendition of a white guy. It looks like every white guy on the planet.

ANCHOR;                      And there you have it. Police are on the lookout for a WHITE MALE of average height and weight, has brown hair and is possibly armed. With an axe.

ANCHOR;                      More after this commercial break.

P5/ A TV SET. On it is a kid eating Mayo right from the jar with a spoon. Behind him is a smokestack, and his mom is playing clarinet. The kid has a pack of crayons in his pocket.

COMMERCIAL VOICE;        Mmmm, Timmy... that mayonnaise sure looks good...

**PAGE TWENTY SIX**

P1/ CLOSE ON DAVE, lying down on a therapist's couch.

DAVE;                      So generally, if you're seeing things  
                                 that can't be real, and those things  
                                 are telling you to do bad... things...

DAVE;                      That's bad, right?

THERAPIST (OFF);      Bad like what? Like touching yourself?

P2/ OTS THERAPIST, sitting down taking notes. On his  
notepad we see the word 'SCHIZO!' We can see Dave lying  
down.

DAVE;                      No! Just... bad stuff.

THERAPIST;              Like touching other people?

DAVE;                      No! Well, not like you mean.

P3/ Bird's eye view of Dave, looking up at the ceiling/ at  
CAMERA.

THERAPIST (OFF);      You make them touch you?

DAVE;                      NO! Dammit! I'm talking like killing  
                                 people! But they're not people!  
                                 They're demons!

DAVE;                      Uh...

DAVE;                      You know... theoretically.

P4/ ON THERAPIST, eyebrow raised.

THERAPIST;              I see.

THERAPIST;              Well, generally hearing voices telling  
                                 you to kill people is bad. IF you act  
                                 on it.

THERAPIST;                    Have you acted on it?

P5/   On Dave, sitting up.

DAVE;                        I just... is there any way to REALLY tell  
if it's real? Or if you're just crazy?

DAVE;                        I mean... I don't WANT to hear the voice...

P6/   REVERSE – on the Therapist, with URIEL floating beside  
him.

THERAPIST;                    Well, that's a good first step.

URIEL;                        Thanks, Dave. Thanks a LOT!

**PAGE TWENTY SEVEN**

P1/ The Therapists' Office door. The Therapist is walking Dave out into the lobby.

DAVE; I just want to live a normal life.

THERAPIST; Of course you do.

P2/ The Therapist places a PRESCRIPTION in Dave's hand.

THERAPIST; I can help you, Dave.

THERAPIST; I'm going to prescribe an anti-psychotic medication. Take it once a day, and we'll continue our sessions.

DAVE; Thank you, Doctor.

THERAPIST; Oh, I'm not a doctor. Just see SHELIA on the way out, and she'll take your payment.

P3/ CLOSE ON DAVE, with the Therapist in the b.g. Dave's eyes are wide in fear.

THERAPIST; Oh, and Dave? Please try and not kill anyone.

P4/ REVERSE – ON SHELIA, the receptionist at the other end of the room. She's a DEMON.

DEMON SHELIA; That'll be one hundred dollars. Will that be check or cash?

P5/ ON DAVE, his HAND is moving to grab the handle of his dagger inside his SATCHEL.

NO DIALOGUE



**PAGE TWENTY EIGHT**

P1/ CLOSE ON A PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE. It sits on top of the dash to Dave's car. There's some blood on it.

NO DIALOGUE

P2/ CLOSE ON DAVE, driving in silence. Dave's all bloody again.

NO DIALOGUE

P3/ CLOSE ON URIEL, arms crossed and his back to Dave.

NO DIALOGUE

P4/ OUTSIDE, as three SQUAD CARS blaze past Dave's PINTO, heading to the Therapist's office from which they just came.

NO DIALOGUE

**PAGE TWENTY NINE**

P1/ ESTABLISH – DAVE and RACHEL'S APARTMENT BUILDING.

Dave's PINTO parks outside it.

NO DIALOGUE

P2/ Dave (now clean in another new white shirt) stands at the door to his apartment, key just at the door handle. He can't bring himself to open the door.

DAVE;                               Why is this happening to me?

P3/ The door opens to reveal RACHEL, now dressed in a police uniform. She's surprised to run into him.

RACHEL;                           Oh, hey baby. Another late night, huh?

RACHEL;                           Well, I'm sorry I've got to run. The crazy serial killer guy went nuts today.

RACHEL;                           Five people in one day! They're calling everyone in.

P4/ CLOSE ON DAVE/RACHEL - Rachel gives Dave a kiss on the cheek.

RACHEL;                           \$\*&@ing monster! I'd love to be the one to bring him down.

P5/ OTS DAVE as he watches Rachel take off.

RACHEL;                           Bye, honey!

DAVE;                               Bye.

**PAGE THIRTY**

P1/ LOOKING DOWN ON THE FLOOR, at the door. Dave's satchel hits the ground, the dagger's hilt sticking out of it.

NO DIALOGUE

P2/ Inside their apartment. CLOSE ON A PICTURE of Rachel and Dave, framed and sitting on a mantle. They look really happy.

NO DIALOGUE

P3/ SAME. Dave's hand enters PANEL, placing the medication bottle beside the picture.

DAVE;                               Uriel? Where are you?

P4/ WIDE ON THE APARTMENT as Dave walks away from us, moving down the hall. He's untying his tie as he goes.

DAVE;                               Uriel, I'm quitting. Go tell God or something.

P5/ ON DAVE, with big scratches on his chest as he unbuttons his third white shirt for the day.

DAVE;                               No more killing for me.

**PAGE THIRTY ONE**

P1/ From the hallway, we're looking down at the bathroom. We can see Dave's body in profile, but his head is leaning in toward the bathroom mirror which we can't see.

DAVE;                                If there are demons in this world, let  
   someone else kill them. I can't do it.

DAVE;                                I'm the wrong guy. I can't kill Kent,  
   or anyone else.

P2/ From the hallway, we see Dave's head lean back from the bathroom, looking around.

DAVE;                                Uriel?

P3/ ON DAVE, walking down the hallway.

NO DIALOGUE

P4/ THE KITCHEN. Dave turns the corner, looking in. His face is pure shock.

DAVE;                                No...

**PAGE THIRTY TWO**

SPLASH, w/INSERT.

SATAN sits at the kitchen table, his fingernails piercing a squirming Uriel's body and pinning him to the kitchen table.

SATAN;                      Dave...

INSERT – CLOSE ON SATAN'S FACE, none too pleased.

SATAN;                      ...we need to talk.

**TO BE CONTINUED.**